

# The SWORD of the LORD

Edited by JOHN R. RICE.

"And they cried, The Sword of the Lord, and of Gideon." Judges 7:27

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Dr. Bob Jones

## A Family With A Member In Hell

By REV. BOB JONES, SR., D.D., L.L.D.

(Preached at Arena, Chicago, May 7, 1946, in city-wide Lige Begins revival campaign. Mechanically recorded for THE SWORD OF THE LORD)

"There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day: And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores, And desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table: moreover the dogs came and licked his sores. And it came to pass, that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom: the rich man also died, and was buried; (It does not say anything about the beggar's being buried. The rich man was buried. There are a great many things more important than a big funeral.) And in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments, (I want you to notice that "s" on that word. It is not just torment, but torments.) and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame. But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things: but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented. And beside all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed: so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence. Then he said, I pray thee therefore, father, that thou wouldest send him to my father's house: For I have five brethren; that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment. Abraham saith unto him, They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them. And he said, Nay, Father Abraham: but if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent. And he said unto him, If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead."—Luke 16:19-31.

My friends, I am not going to talk to you tonight about the future life. I plan to speak Friday night on Heaven. I believe in Heaven. I believe Heaven is a literal city foursquare. I like to talk about Heaven because that is my home. I do not belong down here. I am just passing through this country on my way to my heavenly city, and I want to talk to you Friday night about my Home. Some people say we do not know much about Heaven. But if you listen to God's Word you know a great deal about it. The trouble with most of us is that

we just do not take God's Word for what it says.

### There Is a Hell!

I am not going to talk much (Continued on Page 2)

### RADIO ANNOUNCEMENT

Hear Evangelist John R. Rice on radio station WAIT, Chicago, 820 on your dial, at 6:00 p. m. each Sunday afternoon. Pray for this broadcast, for God's blessing spiritually and financially. Those who wish to help may write Dr. John R. Rice, 214 West Wesley Street, Wheaton, Illinois.

## Have You Seen It?

By GRACE JEAN RICE,  
Promotion Director

Have you seen the beautiful new book, God's Cure for Anxious Care, by Editor John R. Rice? We think it is the most beautiful book we have published. The cloth binding is dull gray and printed in rose pink. Wrapped in beautiful jacket printed in maroon, with birds and lilies it illustrates the promise of Jesus that as He clothed the lily finer than Solomon, He will clothe Christians, and as He feeds the birds who do not toil nor gather in the barns, so He will feed His own born-again children. It has a lovely jacket, drawn by a Christian artist, Mr. U. S. Abell. When you open the book you will find end sheets beautifully printed in color, showing pastoral scene, with birds, trees and flowers. The chapter headings are ornamental. We spent much time and money making this the prettiest gift volume we have ever printed.

This is a book of comfort, of encouragement. It will bring peace (Continued on Page 2)

## God - Robbers Under A Curse

By EVANGELIST JOHN R. RICE

"Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings. Ye are cursed with a curse: for ye have robbed me, even this whole nation. Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."—Mal. 3:8-10.

Will a man rob God? Yes, God Himself answers that they sometimes do! They rob God by withholding tithes and offerings. And God plainly says that these people whom He classes with thieves and other crooks, are under the curse of God. It affects the rain on their crops, the bugs on their plants, the prosperity of their business. On the other hand, those who bring God the tithes

and offerings are prospered. And here is a good way to prove God by faith, we are told, and see if God will not pour out more blessing than we can receive!

Here is a burning accusation from God that some of His people are crooked and dishonest, that He has put a curse upon them because of it. And here is His challenge to try Him and see if He will not prosper and bless abundantly if they forsake their dishonesty and bring God tithes and offerings.

### "The Tithe Is the Lord's"

Any man who withholds the tenth of his income and freewill offerings is robbing God, for the simple reason that these honestly belong to God!

Listen to this plain statement (Continued on Page 6)

The text is found in Psalm 126:5, 6.

"When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like that dream. Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing: then said they among the heathen, The Lord hath done great things for them. The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad. Turn again our captivity, O Lord, as the streams in the south. They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

This Psalm was evidently written after the captivity. The Psalms do not claim to have all been written by one man nor all at the same time. That is not true about the books of Moses, and it

is not true about other Old Testament books. But the Psalms were written, professedly, some by David, some by Moses, some by Solomon, some by Asaph; and some are not ascribed to any man.

Here a man writes, moved of God. He says, 'Oh, when we came back from the captivity and God built again the walls of Jerusalem under Nehemiah and Ezra — when the temple was built again, our hearts were too full for words. Even heathen people said, "God is with them. God is with those people!" God has done great things for us, but, oh, we need a revival. Turn again our captivity, O Lord, as the streams in the south. We want the flood tides. Like the Nile River that rises in Lake Tana, flows through the Atlas Mountains, and on down until it overspreads all the Nile (Continued on Page 3)

## ENDUED, EMPOWERED, ENFILLED

"By their fruits ye shall know them"

By STEPHEN MERRITT

Samuel Morris was a Kru boy. He was an African of the Africans, a pure negro; when I first knew him he was probably about twenty years old. He was a resident of Liberia, where he was employed among English speaking people as a house painter, and where he first found the Lord. A missionary girl came from the far west to go out under Bishop Taylor, and, as I was secretary for the Bishop, I received her. I had become intimately acquainted with the Holy Ghost and, of course, was full of Him.

I talked from the abundance of my heart to her of Him. I told her if she would receive Him she would be a success in Africa, and would not be sick, nor lonesome nor wearied. He would be her strength, wisdom and comfort, and her life would be a continual psalm of praise in that dark continent.

She hearkened — desired — consented — asked, and He came — an abiding presence. She departed, filled with the Spirit. Her companion missionaries thought she would be a failure, as she kept herself aloof and would sit alone and talk and cry and laugh; they thought she had left a lover behind, and therefore her actions. She had her Lover with her; hence her peculiarities. She had reached her station, sat down to her work — contented, blessed and happy.

This Kru boy, Samuel Morris, heard of her arrival, and walked miles to see her and talk about Jesus. She was filled and overflowed with the Holy Spirit, and was glad to pour out of Him on Samuel.

He became enthused, and he desired and was determined to know (Continued on Page 7)

## How To Win Souls

By EVANGELIST JOHN R. RICE

(Message given at Evangelistic Conference, Bob Jones University, Greenville, South Carolina, Sunday morning, June 20, 1948, and broadcast over a Greenville radio station. Mechanically recorded for THE SWORD OF THE LORD)

It ought to be settled that soul winning is not a matter of talent. We have a way of saying, "Oh, if we could get the banker converted he would have such a wonderful influence! Oh, if we could get the superintendent of schools converted, because of his position he would win many souls." You understand, of course, that God can use anybody. But God is no respecter of persons, and it would be well for you to throw away your abilis and find there is a very simple, plain plan by which God uses people to win souls. It is not dependent on special graces of personality. It is dependent on going God's way in three particular matters. If you want to be a soul winner you can be a soul winner.





## A Family With A Member In Hell

(Continued from Page 1)

about Hell tonight. I want to apologize to you for going through this series of two week's meetings without preaching about Hell. I do not think any evangelist does his duty until he preaches on Hell at least one time in a campaign. I believe in Hell. I speak reverently: If there is not a Hell there ought to be one. I cannot conceive of a just God's not having a Hell for bad people. If there is a place for good people, there must be a place for bad people. If my mother is in Heaven, there must be a Hell, because my mother would not be happy with the company she would have to have if all the harlots and the degenerates and the thugs and the murderers and the blasphemers and all the Christ-rejecting sinners were around her. Nobody who is right with God could be happy in Heaven if all around him were all the wicked people in the world. If there is a Heaven for saints, I am sure there must be a Hell for sinners.

I am talking to a man tonight who years ago wormed your way into the confidence of a woman and little by little broke down her resistance. After a while you lifted from her brow the diadem of her purity and then sacrificed her on the altar of your lust. After you did that she turned her tear-stained face into yours and asked for your protection. But you went away and left her in her shame. She has been an outcast from that day to this. She is a soiled dove of the underworld if she is still alive, and you are a respectable man. Do you mean to tell me there is no Hell? Listen! If God Almighty is a just God—and I am speaking reverently—if God Almighty is a just God, He will take a pen of fire some day and paint a picture of that tear-stained face on every wall in Hell. And you will see that face forever. Things must be made even. They are not even now. They are uneven



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D.D., LITT.D.  
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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in this world. A just God must fix it up some day. I believe in Hell. I hate to think about Hell, but there is bound to be a Hell. I do not see how anybody could even think and not believe in Hell.

I will tell you something else: I do not see how anybody could believe the Bible and not believe in Hell. If there is not a Hell—I am speaking reverently—this Bible is a "flaunting lie." If I did not believe in Hell I would be in favor of erecting a monument to the memory of Voltaire and Tom Paine and Bob Ingersoll and the rest of the infidels who have cursed this world.

I will tell you something else: I do not see how anybody can believe in atonement without believing in Hell. If your sins, when they were laid upon the Son of God, caused him to bow His head and die, if your sins broke the heart of Jesus Christ on Calvary, your sins, unpardoned, will damn your soul in Hell.

I will tell you something else: I believe in a literal Hell. "Oh," you say, "Bob Jones, you don't think Hell is literal? You don't think there is such a thing as literal fire in Hell?" Why not? What do you know about fire? We talk so wise but know so little! I read in the Bible about a bush that was burning but was not consumed. How do you know what kind of fires God may kindle? Yes, I believe in a literal Hell of fire.

We used to have down 'South a famous old preacher. He died before I was born, but I have a volume of his sermons. The old preachers down South talk about him, and I read some of his sermons. Four sermons he preached on Hell. And I remember one or two things he said about Hell. In one of his sermons, after laying his predicate and building upon it, he said, 'Hell may be a lonely, barren, desolate world, rolling beyond the confines of creation; with no sun or star to light up its darkness and chase away its infernal vapors; with oceans and rivers of liquid fire and continents of incinerated rocks, rent with awful caverns. Over it the damned may walk and climb and stumble and fall forever. There may be a law of gravity which binds the lost to its surface and holds them there forever and ever.'

But that may not be Hell. Hell may be a blasted and God-cursed planet. Rocks and mountains are tumbled into anarchy. There are no blushing flowers and laughing streams, no gospel preaching, no friendships, no morality and no God. All clans and sexes are herded with foulest demons in one promiscuous mob. Every stinking cave is inhabited with gnashing ghost and howling fiend.

But that may not be Hell. Hell may be a cavern in the heart of some God-cursed planet. In this awful cavern of woe ravens of despair may sit upon the crags and wail while God's awful justice pours His whip upon the backs of the damned forever and ever. The door to this cavern may be closed and the key tied to the girdle of God and divine Omnipotence installed to guard the way forever.

But that may not be Hell. Hell may be just a lake of fire. Did you ever stop to think about the awful horrors of a lake of fire? Think of an ocean of fire, with waves of liquid fire beating on the eternal shores and with bubbles on these waves bursting and emitting fumes in whose ascending volumes there are serpent flames.

But, sinner, you do not have to go to Hell. Please don't go. God does not want you to go. Remember He "so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

### God Keeps the Records of the Family

But my subject tonight is not Hell. Jesus in this story I read to you from the sixteenth chapter of Luke gives a family record. He tells some very interesting things about an interesting family.

When I was a boy in the country

we had an old family Bible. Between the Old and the New Testament we kept the family record. We kept the dates of births and marriages and deaths. I used to get the record down sometimes and look at it. There I would read the date when Grandmother was born and when Grandfather was born and when they were married; when my parents were born and when their children were born.

Those records were interesting, but God keeps a more complete record than that. God kept your record before you married. God did not just keep the date of your birth and your marriage. He has kept it all. He has kept a record of your sins. God knows what kind of man you were before you married. God knows whether you left a slimy trail behind you or not. God knows! God knows the kind of woman you have been. As I have gone up and down this country I have had some shocking experiences. Oh, the women in this world whom you would never suspect, women who back in their girlhood days locked up skeletons in their hearts and threw the key away and have gone down life's way, hoping the key would never be found—always afraid of their record! God knows what kind of girl you were.

A girl said to me not long ago: "Oh, Dr. Jones, if I could just forget the past! If I could only forget! If I could only forget!"

One night in a southern city, after I dismissed a crowd and went to my room, somebody knocked at the door. I said, "Who is it?"

A voice said, "I want to talk to you about my soul." (I have never been too tired to answer that call.) There stood at the door a man. He walked into my room and said, "Bob Jones, there is one thing in my life I would give my right arm to forget. One thing—if I could just forget it! I can't forget it!" Yes, most of us have things we would like to forget.

A few years ago in New York City a woman came to my meeting at Calvary Baptist Church. She said to me, "I am haunted with a memory. I was a very wicked girl, a girl hard to control. Mother was a widow, an invalid. She had a hard time. I wanted to be going somewhere all the time. I neglected her. One day I said, 'Mother, may I do so and so?'"

"She said, 'Darling, I don't want you to do that. Please, Mother doesn't want you to live that kind of life. It is not right; don't go to that place.' There she sat in an armchair. I went into a rage and fussed at my mother—just kept fussing. After a while she closed her eyes. I had seen her do that many times, and I thought she was praying; she always prayed when she did that. But I just kept on fussing. A few minutes later I spoke to her and she did not answer. I laid my hand on her and she was dead. She died while I was fussing at her. I just can't forget it!"

Oh, the things we would like to forget! I suppose all of us have something we want to forget, somebody we have caused some sorrow or pain, maybe somebody's heart we broke. Maybe it was a mother's or father's heart we broke—or some other sin we have committed.

God has kept your record. He has kept your record since you married. He knows the kind of husband you have been. He knows how many of those wrinkles you have pinched in the face of your wife. He knows how many gray hairs you have put in her head. He knows how many times you have made her pulse skip a beat and how many times she has gone to bed with an aching back and a breaking head because of you and your cruelty. He has kept your record. Through all these years God has been keeping the record. Talk about family skeletons! Talk about skeletons in the closet! You cannot keep them in the closet. You can lock them up, but sooner or later skeletons break down the closet door, go in the parlor and dance on the parlor floor. Then sometimes they walk down the front steps, go uptown and tell the world where they came from. But even if they do not break out of the closet now,

some day millions and millions of family skeletons will be dangled in the faces of the teeming millions who stand before the judgment bar of God. The family record!

### It Was a Rich Family

Now Jesus tells a story here. He says there was a rich man living in a certain community. He begins by telling us that he had plenty of money. A great many people think that is all they need, just money, money, money. Oh, the love of money! I never have understood how people love money. It looks to me as though the more they get, the more wretched they are, the more unhappy they are. I am not sorry for people who do not have much. I am sorry for folks who have a great deal. I spoke at a noon service today about the rich fool. You know when he got through, he went home and sat on the front porch and worried. He said to himself, 'Where shall I put my grain? What shall I do about a barn?' The men who had been working for him probably went home and went to sleep. Oh, the worry money brings!

This man had his money. He might have lived longer if he had not been rich. Maybe he ate too much. Or maybe he killed himself trying to get more money, grabbing for it. He was a rich man, clothed in purple and fine linen, living in luxury and wealth, having big parties all the time. Oh, the parties rich people have!

When I was in Rome a few years ago my guide said, "Doctor, look over yonder. That is where Roman society used to gather." They would get in there and eat and drink all they could, then they would tickle their throat with a feather and disgorge, and then start over again. After they would fill up that time, they would tickle their throat again, disgorge and start over. Day in and day out, a round of pleasure! Oh, what animal life! But you have folks like that now. There are people in this country living like that. I said to Mrs. Jones the other day, "Did you notice that nearly every woman who comes down the elevator with us in our hotel is bloated around the eyes?" Nearly every woman I see in the elevators of hotels look that way; they look dissipated. They do not look rested. We Christian people do not know what we really have in Jesus Christ. We do not realize how restful and sweet and blessed it is to be a Christian.

Now these folks have plenty of money. I imagine if your daughter had married into this family you would have said that she did well. I asked somebody the other day, "Is So-and-So married?" "Oh, yes," somebody answered, "she did very well; she married a rich man." Oh, how foolish we are when we think that if we just had plenty of money we would be all right. These folks had plenty of money. They were a rich family.

### It Was a Big Family

Now notice next that it was a big family. There were six brothers—one dead and five living. I do not know whether there were any girls or not. They did not count girls much in those days. Listen to me, women: I do not see how a woman can reject Jesus Christ. The best friend you ever had is Jesus. How any woman who knows that God loves her and Jesus died for her can reject Jesus is more than I can understand. I can understand how a coarse, ordinary, everyday, common man, with a man's body and a man's soul, might be mean enough to reject Jesus. But I cannot understand how a woman can do it—a woman, with a woman's soul, a woman's heart, a woman's emotions, a woman's responsiveness to kindness and love. In the name of common sense, how can any woman reject Jesus Christ!

Now, here they were—six brothers. That is a big family. Oh, those old big families! I was one

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(Continued from Page 1)

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7. Affectionate Christians
8. "Sir, We Would See Jesus"
9. "I Will Love Thee, O Lord"

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of twelve children. If my mother and father had stopped with ten there would have been no preacher in the family. I am the eleventh. I am glad I grew up in a big family; I love big families. But rich families and big families do not usually go together. Rich folks have prosperity and the poor folks have posterity. But this family had riches and a big family, too. Six boys! I remember when I was a boy around the big open fireplace. Say, you can't make love around a radiator! Listen, you young fellows, if you have never had a country girl in front of an open fireplace, with a great big fire, and with roses in her cheeks—not artificial roses, but real roses—and the luster of health in her eyes, you just don't know anything about a lovely picture! What a time we used to have around the fireside at night, father and mother and all the children; we were all trying to talk at one time, except my old daddy who would be trying to read. After a while he would say, "For goodness sake, get quiet; who can read around here?" But you couldn't keep them quiet. What fun we had! We could play all the games. We had enough for a ball team. We did not have to ask the neighbors in. The girls could play as well as the boys, and what fun we had. In the summertime we would sit under the stars at night and visit together and enjoy each other's company. We were not running to picture shows and always looking for excitement. We had each other and God and Christian faith and a happy home.

This was a big family. Don't you love children? Oh, I love little babies. The sweetest music the world has ever heard since morning stars sang together is

(Continued on Page 3)

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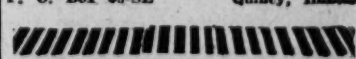
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# A Family With A Member In Hell

(Continued from Page 2)

the laughter of little babies. My son was here last night. He is thirty-four years old. If I could just turn back the clock of time and have him a wee little tot again! If I could hear him laugh once more! How quickly they get older. Then they grow up. The home gets broken and separation comes. Sometimes there is sin and sorrow. Oh, isn't the Devil mean? Isn't he mean to make homes wretched. And that is what he has done for some homes represented here tonight.

Here is a man and woman who started out in life together. They loved each other. They stood at the altar and pledged their love until death did them part. Then the Devil came in between them. Then the son went astray after a while and broke the mother's heart, and the daughter went astray. Oh, how they have suffered. How homes have to suffer! How mothers and fathers grieve! But isn't it wonderful to have a family where everybody loves everybody else, where everybody is a Christian, and where all live in sweet fellowship?

## A Family Visited by Death!

Now, here they are: a rich family, a big family; but a family that death has visited. One day one of the boys died. A hearse is backed up to the door. A piece of crepe is on the doorknob. The common people pass and say, "I wonder which one of the boys died?"

"Oh, he died, did he?"  
"Yes, he died." Death! Death is a wicked king. He is a cruel conqueror. His palace is a sepulcher. His pleasure fountains are filled with the tears of a weeping world, his music is the cry of broken hearts, and his flowers are the faded garlands on coffin lids. I hate death. There has never been anything beautiful about death to me. Don't try to make it beautiful. Death is not beautiful. It is the wages of sin. I hate it! I do not want to die. I want Jesus Christ to come. I do not want my loved ones to die. I do not like coffins and shrouds and tombstones and graveyards. Death is a horrible thing. But if Jesus tarries, you will be going pretty soon. Some of us haven't much longer. The wise man always makes preparation for the inevitable. Let me say that again. I want it to stay with you. The wise man always makes preparation for the inevitable. Death is the inevitable, and Jesus Christ is the preparation. You are a fool to live without Him. You do not have to do it. You do not have to go unprepared. You are a fool to go on rejecting Jesus Christ. Down the road there is a grave, a coffin, a shroud, a tombstone. Down the road is a monster, your enemy, the enemy of Jesus Christ, the last enemy to be destroyed. His name is death. He is going to come out of the bushes and put his fingers on your throat. You must meet him. Are you ready to die? Are you saved? Have you been born again?

I think I am about as game as the average man. I have been accused of a great many things in my life, but I do not believe anybody ever called me a coward. I have never been accused of running. But I would be afraid to be a sinner. I would not sleep until six o'clock tomorrow morning knowing what I know about saving grace, knowing that God loved me and Jesus died for me, knowing what I know about the Bible—I would not sleep until six o'clock tomorrow unsaved for all the money in the world. I might wake up in the morning rich, but I might wake up in Hell. You are crazy to go on without God. You are just crazy! You just do not show good sense. Listen! If the fire insurance policy on your house had expired today you could not sleep tonight. And yet you go to

bed undisturbed, unafraid, not even thinking, with no insurance for your soul against the fires of Hell and the wrath of God. It is awful to be a sinner! It is terrible to be lost! And you do not have to be lost. There is no excuse for it. God Almighty wants to save you and Jesus loved you so much He went to Calvary and died to save you. Yet you are going on without God.

I remember one night in New York City I walked out of a mission and someone was passing out cards. This is what it said on those cards: "If I were to die tonight I would go to \_\_\_\_\_." Right under that it said, "Fill in and sign your name." I took that card and looked at it. It had a strange effect on me.

I was told about a drunken sailor who got one of those cards one time. He got on his boat and started to bed. Then he took the card out and looked at it. It said, "If I were to die tonight I would go to \_\_\_\_\_." He said, "Well, I know where I would go."

Listen, every sinner in this house knows you ought to go to Hell. "Oh," you say, "I am as good as anybody else." Listen, you know better than that! All that talk about how good you are — you know better than that. Don't talk to me like that. You know you do not deserve to go to Heaven. You know you are a sinner without God and you know you could not afford to meet your sins at the judgment.

That sailor got down on his knees and said, "My mother is a Christian. She taught me about God. She taught me about Jesus." He trusted Christ as his Saviour, got up and filled it in like this: "If I were to die tonight I would go to Heaven." Where would you go if you were to die tonight? As far as I know I am in perfect health. I went through a clinic recently and the doctor said my health was perfect, that my blood pressure was 120 and that I had the most perfect heart of any man my age he had ever known. But you know, I have known of doctors telling other people that and some of them died pretty soon afterwards. I am not a fool. I may die tonight. Some day I am going to preach my last sermon. This may be it. But if I die tonight I know exactly where I am going. If I did not know, I would not go to bed until I settled it. Listen, sinner, you do not have to go on in your sin. You can be saved before leaving this building.

The rich man died and was buried.

## A Family With One Member in Hell

A rich family, a big family, a family with one member dead. Now I hate to say this next thing. It makes me shudder: a family with one member in Hell. I did not say that; Jesus said it, Jesus, the tender, loving, refined, gracious, kind Son of God. Nobody was ever so gentle, nobody ever so tender as Jesus Christ. Yet He said it. He said, "The rich man also died, and was buried; And in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments" (Luke 16:22, 23).

When Jesus preached a funeral He told things just as they were. There was no cover-up process with Him. He said, "This man died and was buried and went to Hell." A member of the family is in Hell.

Sometime ago I talked to a lovely, sweet woman. Her son had been killed in an automobile accident. He was a bad boy, so everybody said. That woman spent two or three hours trying to get me to say that I thought the boy might be in Heaven. I did not know what to say. I did not want to hurt her. She said, "You know, he asked me one day to pray for him." She went back to his babyhood and recalled the things he had said and every little thing that would give her hope. Then she said, "Do you suppose, Brother Jones, my boy is in Heaven?"

"Well," I said, "if he trusted" (Continued on page 8)

# How To Win Souls

(Continued from Page 1)

valley in a great flood every year — give us a revival like that, O God. And this is the way: They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

Dr. L. R. Scarborough in the great classes in evangelism in Southwestern Seminary at Fort Worth, Texas, used to well say, "No sowing, no reaping; and no reaping, no rejoicing." "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." Then comes the text: "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

There are five main thoughts in this verse: The first three points are soul-winning conditions. The first is, "He that goeth forth." There is the go in soul winning. The second is, "and weepeth" — the broken heart in soul winning. The third is, "bearing precious seed." That is the Word of God in soul winning. Those are the three conditions. Then come the results promised. The first is: "... shall doubtless come again ... bringing his sheaves with him." That is the certainty of results when you go God's way. Then, last of all, there is the soul winner's joy: "with rejoicing."

Now, I would like for you to consider that these three elements cover the ground of soul-winning power. If you want to win souls you can, provided you meet God's simple requirements here.

A good man, himself a fine soul winner, wrote to me and said, "There is a certain man I wish you would know. I would like to see you boost him. I believe he can be as great an evangelist as Dr. Hyman Appelman, for he is a Jew also." Now, do not misunderstand me. Thank God for Dr. Appelman; but Dr. Appelman would be a great soul winner if he were a Gentile. Being a Jew is not what makes him a soul winner. Don't you ever get the idea that because there is a certain glamour, a certain wave to the hair, some artistic temperament or any particular background that makes it so God can use people to win souls. That is not true! God uses people to win souls who go and who weep and who use the Word of God.

And since this matter is so plainly set forth in the Word of God, we sin before God if we do not have results. I have no patience, I have no sympathy with this idea that it is only up to me

to be faithful, that I am not to worry about results. If I hired a man — and I do hire a good many people — and he said, "Well, I won't worry about results," I would fire him. I want somebody to work for me who cares about results. If it is selling books, if it is pounding a typewriter, if it is making stencils — if it is any kind of job that he is paid to do — a worker ought to be concerned about results. I believe God expects a Christian to want results, and you may have soul-winning results if you meet God's very simple plan here:

## I. The First Requirement for Soul Winning: Going After Sinners

First of all, we read: "He that goeth forth..." God says, "If you want to win souls you must go after them." This is God's first requirement in soul winning. A lot of people have the idea that if you want to be a soul winner the first thing is to quit this and quit that, start this and start that. They think the first thing is to leave off the shows and the cigarettes, and other worldliness. That you ought to do, but it will not make you a soul winner. All the Pharisees in the time of the Lord Jesus live a consecrated, separated, sanctified, petrified kind of life. They did not win souls, and if you do not learn something more than what we call being "separated," if you do not do something more than leave off some paint and give up cigarettes and quit the shows and look down on everybody else — if you do not do more than that, you are not going to be a soul winner. Now you hear me! I am for a clean, separated life; but I tell you that is not the first requirement for soul winning. If

you are going to be a soul winner you must learn to go after sinners. No other way will get people converted.

Somebody says, "Brother Rice, these days sinners do not go to the churches." Sinners come to the churches if the churches go to the sinners. Where do you find in the Bible that God expects sinners to go to churches, sit on the pews, go through the formal worship service, "force themselves on the church and then say, 'Please tell me how to be saved'?" That is not the way it happens. It is true that the Philippian jailer came to Paul and Silas and fell down and said, "What must I do to be saved?" But that was only after they had already worked a miracle, cast the devil out of a girl and got her saved; after they had got beaten up; after they had had their clothes torn off them; after their feet were fast in stocks; after they had prayed down the blessing of God and God sent an earthquake and tore all the doors loose from the hinges, and broke all their chains. If you have that kind of power somebody will ask you, too, how to be saved. But God is not sending lost sinners (Continued on Page 4)

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## How To Win Souls

(Continued from Page 3)

around to ask indifferent Christians how to get saved. Put this down: if you are going to be a soul winner, it will be because you work at it, because you go after sinners. That is God's plan everywhere in the Bible.

### "Go" Is First in the Great Commission

In the Great Commission as given in Matthew 28:19, 20 Jesus said, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Now, baptizing is not first. Baptism is important and it is in these verses, but that is not first. Even preaching is not first, nor teaching! The first thing is to go if you want to be a soul winner. Get up and go after people — that is God's plan.

Some years ago, even when I was young, God had helped me to win many souls. I won hundreds of souls even before I was a preacher. A woman said to me, "Oh, if I just had a gift like that I would work at it all the time." It is not a gift. It is sweat and blood and tears and holy concern enough to go after people! Suppose you win one; you may have to talk to ten. Suppose you win ten; you may have to talk to a hundred. Suppose you win a hundred; you may have to approach a thousand. But those who win large numbers of souls are those who approach many more, those who work at it. The way to win souls is to work at it. "He that goeth forth . . ."

### Soul Winning Is Mainly Footwork!

That is true all the way through the Bible when the question comes up. We have a way of talking about man's personality. We say, "What a magnetic personality! What a lovely delivery! What a wonderful voice! He is a golden-tongued orator." But God does not have very good things to say about our talking apparatus. He says, "His mouth is full of cursing and deceit" (Psa. 10:7). He says, "Their throat is an open sepulchre [that certainly is spiritual halitosis, isn't it?]; with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips: Whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness" (Rom. 3:13, 14). That is the way the Bible talks about our talking apparatus. The Bible does not speak of the golden-tongued orator. The Bible says, "How beautiful . . . are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings" (Isa. 52:7). God wants some walkers. It takes more walking than talking. God wants some people who will work at this business of soul winning.

And anybody who wants to win souls is going to have to make up his mind, "By God's grace I'll wear out some shoe leather, I'll punch some doorbells, I'll run people down." You can get people saved that way. Anybody who works at it can get people saved. Talent will not do it. Education will not do it. You must learn to care enough to go after people. If you do you will get them. After all, soul winning is just salesmanship. It is salesmanship with a divine object and divine power, but it still takes the shoe leather. It still takes the going. That is in God's plan.

### God's Soul-Winning Servant Commanded "Go Out Quickly," to "Go Out Into the Highways and Hedges and Compel Them to Come In"

The Lord Jesus gives us an example of soul winning in the parable in Luke, chapter 14. He said, "A certain man made a great supper, and bade many: And sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden, 'Come; for all things are now ready.' But these invited people went their ways, one to his farm, another to his merchandise. They made excuses. One said, 'I bought five yoke of oxen, I cannot come.' Another said, 'I married a wife and I'm just not coming.' He did not even say, 'Excuse me.' The servant came back to his lord and said, 'I've done all that you told me to do and they did not come; what will

I do now?' His Lord said, "Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind." When there was still room, his lord said, "Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."

Anybody who tries to win souls is going to find sometimes that the "upper crust" will not come. You are going to find that many people on the boulevard may not come. All right, then, go on out yonder to the back streets. If on the main boulevards they do not come, go to the back alleys. If the rich people will not come; get the poor people. If the well people will not come, get the sick. You will find that sick people come quicker than well people, that poor people come quicker than rich people, that people in jail get saved quicker than people out of jail! But you can get some if you go after them!

The master said, "Go . . . bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind." The servant went, and then he came back again. Nearly all he did was to go back and forth. It was mainly foot work. He must have been tired out. He came back and reported to his boss: "I have done what you said and there is still some more room. I have gone to every house in town. I have gotten all the poor beggars off the streets. And yet there is room. Now what shall I do?"

The master said, "Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled. Go out into the country, into the fields, on the highways, on the back dirt roads; go to the cottage down by the creek. Hurry up! Go quickly! My house must be filled!" Winning souls is mainly hard work. A lot of people alibi and say we are living in the last days. They say sinners are so hard and we cannot have revival now. But the trouble is they are not willing to sweat for Jesus Christ. They are not willing to have their lives broken up. They are not willing to wear themselves out for Jesus Christ. You are not going to be much of a soul winner if you do not learn that soul winning is primarily hard work, that it takes sweat and blood, that it takes a devotion that will make you go until you are ready to drop. Soul winning is hard work; you can win souls if you go after them.

### If You Fish, You Must Go Where the Fish Are!

Isn't it strange that we have more sense about the ordinary affairs of life than we do about the Lord's business? Jesus said, "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light" (Luke 16:8).

Suppose I say that I am going fishing. Isn't it strange that I have sense enough to put the going before the fishing? Yet perhaps I haven't sense enough to put the going before the soul winning!

I preached on soul winning in Dallas, Texas, and a good woman said to me, "Brother Rice, I believe you are right. If I happen to see anybody who is lost this afternoon I am going to try to win them."

"Well," I said, "you will not win them."

She said, "Why not?"

I said, "Winning souls is not a happen-so matter." If you happen to run on to anybody! What if I should say, "I am going down to Greenville this afternoon. If I happen to run on to a fish down there I will pick him up." I will not happen to run on to a fish. I will catch fish by going where the fish are and working on the fish. If you go hunting, you go first and then hunt. If you go soul winning, you go first and then win souls. You are going to have to put the go in it. God put that first. "He that goeth forth . . ."

### How Jesus and Disciples Won Souls

In the first chapter of John we have the examples of how John the Baptist won souls and how Jesus won souls and how other New Testament Christians won

souls. John the Baptist said, "Behold the Lamb of God!" He said, "There He is, fellows. I have been preaching about Him. There He is—the Lamb of God!"

John the beloved and Andrew followed along behind. They said, "This is the One. John has been talking about Him all the time. John said he was not fit to stoop down and unloose the laces of His shoes. This is the One who baptizes people with the Holy Ghost. This is the One who sends sinners to Hell. This is the One!"

Jesus saw them behind and said, "What are you looking for, gentlemen?"

They said, "Rabbi, where do You live?"

He said, "Come on, go home with me and see." They went home with Jesus and were never the same any more. The next thing they must do is to tell somebody else. One of them is Andrew. Now we take up the story in John, beginning at verse 40:

"One of the two which heard John speak, and followed him, was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother. He first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him . . ."

Andrew said, "Listen, isn't this wonderful? I found the Saviour and I am going to look up my old cursing brother. I am going to get old loud-mouthed Peter, the fisherman, and bring him to Jesus." So he went and "findeth" Simon. Do you know how he found him? He looked for him, of course. He worked at it. Soul winning is a very simple matter, after all. Listen how they got this old cursing fisherman, Peter, saved.

"He . . . findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, 'We have found the Messiah, which is, being interpreted, the Christ.' And he brought him to Jesus."

That is simple. Anybody could do that. He said, 'I have found the Saviour,' and he brought him to Jesus. In Heaven when they pass out the awards somebody may say, "Three thousand souls at Pentecost!" Somebody may say, "Alright, watch old Simon Peter step up now." But the Lord may say to Andrew, "All right, Andrew, come on." "Oh," you say, "but Peter preached at Pentecost." Yes, but Andrew got Peter. Oh, my friends, it takes going to win souls.

Now in verse 43:

"The day following Jesus would go forth into Galilee, and findeth Philip, and saith unto him, 'Follow me.'"

How did Jesus win people? He went and found them.

So Philip got converted and followed Jesus, and we read: "Now Philip was of Bethsaida, the city of Andrew and Peter. Philip findeth Nathanael . . ."

Isn't there a lot of "finding" here. They were just scouring the woods, weren't they? They went after them.

"Philip findeth Nathanael . . . 'Now, wait a minute, Philip; aren't you just a new convert?'

'Yes, it is wonderful; I have just gotten saved!'

'Well, wait a minute, Philip; you are going to make a mistake about this matter. You have zeal but you don't have any knowledge. Wait until you get an education.'

'No,' he said, 'I must get Nathanael and get him saved, Brother John. Don't bother me; let me alone. I must go get Nathanael.'

'Well, you will do more harm than good. You can't do it, Philip. You are just a new convert; you do not know how to do it.'

'But,' Philip said, 'Nathanael may go to Hell. I tell you this is wonderful! I must go get Nathanael!' So he goes and gets Nathanael.

'But wait, Philip, have you been to Bob Jones University and taken the preacher's course?'

'No, I've just been converted.'

'Have you been to the Bible institutes and learned how to win souls? Have you been to a seminary?'

'No. But I have Jesus. Isn't that enough? I must go tell it.'

'I'm sure afraid you will blunder. You may make a faux pas.'

'Philip findeth Nathanael, and saith unto him, 'We have found him, of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write, Jesus

of Nazareth, the son of Joseph.'"

He said, "We have found Him! We have found Him!"

Nathanael says, "Who have you found?"

"The Messiah," Philip answers. "Who is He?"

"He is the son of Joseph over here in Nazareth."

I say to Philip, "Oh, you've ruined it now."

Philip says, "What have I ruined?"

"You said Jesus was the son of Joseph. Jesus is not the son of Joseph; He is the Son of God. He was born of a virgin mother without a human father. You have sure made a mess of things now."

"Well, it seems that I did hear something about His being born of a virgin, but I had forgotten." "Well, why didn't you read over there in the Gospel of Matthew?" I say.

"Well, Matthew has not even been converted yet, much less written his gospel. Nathanael would have gone to Hell if I had waited to learn about that."

"Oh, but you have ruined it now. You said He was the son of Joseph."

"Well, I did the best I could. I suppose I made a bust, but I told him I had found the Messiah."

And Nathanael starts an argument. He says, "Where can you show me in the Bible anything about a Messiah up in Galilee and Nazareth?"

Philip says, "I'm at my wit's end; I've just been converted myself. I don't know all about that, but I dare you to come down here and see Jesus yourself. Come on and see Him! You can get it fixed; come on and see Him!" So he gets old Nathanael by the arm and brings him to Jesus.

Nathanael comes to Jesus and Jesus says, "There is an Israelite with no guile. He really wants to know." He is not deceiving anybody."

Nathanael says, "How do you know I am not crooked? How do you know I want to know?"

Jesus said, "Nathanael, I saw you out under the fig tree when you went out to pray. [You know, that is a fine place to pray. Did you ever pray under a fig tree? I think that is what Nathanael must have been doing]. Jesus said, 'I saw you out there this morning. I know about your hungry heart. I know all about you. I made you, Nathanael.'"

Nathanael went down on his face and said, "Rabbi, thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel." Philip did not know much and he made an awful blunder, but he got Nathanael to Jesus! He got the work done.

I would rather have a bunch of ignoramuses; I would rather have a bunch who do not know theology or much of anything else but who will go and do what Jesus said to do — get people saved — than to have people who are ever so smart but who never win anybody to Christ. You see, soul winning is primarily a matter of going after people. "He that goeth forth . . . If you want to be a soul winner, make up your mind that by God's grace you will go after souls."

### II. God's Second Requirement for Soul Winning: A Broken Heart

Now, the second part is: "He that goeth forth and weepeth . . . We need broken hearts in soul winning. It is strange just how little Christians care. I will tell you what is wrong with us these days. We have everything. My, we have learned preachers. We have means of communication. We have papers. We have radios. We have fine buildings. We have organization.

We have nearly everything these days but the power of God. I think there is a fundamental hypocrisy, a fundamental insincerity in the people of God these days who do not weep over sinners, who have no broken hearts.

These days it has become very fashionable for people to say, "Evangelists are too emotional." The evangelists I know are not too emotional. I would like for a lot of us to get a lot more of it. Listen to me, if what the Bible says about Hell is so, there is plenty to weep about. Do you believe what Jesus said about that man down in Hell, begging for a drop of water? Do you believe he said, 'If Lazarus would only dip his finger in water and cool my tongue! I am tormented! I tell you I am tormented in this flame!' Do you believe that has been going on these two thousand years? Do you believe that poor man has not yet had a drop of water for his tongue? Well, if we believe that, isn't it strange that we can eat three meals a day and sleep soundly and enjoy the luxuries of life, with our minds all occupied with new model cars and hardwood floors and tile baths and fine clothes? God have pity on us! The only real reason we do not win souls is that we do not care. O God, give us broken hearts!

When I played college football nobody said I was crazy. I remember once it was Decatur College against Denton. They outweighed us and we had no substitutes. They had better coaching. And they beat us badly. I remember that our quarterback got a shoulder knocked down so he could not use one arm. One man got a rib cracked. And I got my nose broken. There were fist fights up and down the line every five minutes during that game! Oh, it was a bloody business! I did not know I was hurt until after the game was over. I bled over everybody I tackled for the rest of the game. It was a bloody, bloody business! Maybe you would call it fanaticism, but nobody thought so then. That was for the old school—to live or die! Isn't it strange that people do not think you are a nut when you are enthusiastic about football or enthusiastic about scholarship, but when you are enthusiastic about keeping people out of Hell they

(Continued on Page 5)

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## How To Win Souls

(Continued from Page 4)

say you are emotional? Well, for my part I say, "O God, give us the concern that Bible preachers had!"

**Paul Was a Mighty Soul Winner Because He Had a Consuming Desire for Souls!**

If you will go back and study the Bible on this matter you will find that the great secret Bible preachers had was a broken heart. I used to think, "My, what a preacher Paul was!" I used to think he was a magnificent specimen, so learned, so scholarly, with such presence and dignity. I thought, "I wish I could hear Paul preach." But I got to reading the Bible—and that will ruin lots of your ideas! I found out that Paul quoted his critics, to prove he was a poor preacher. Second Corinthians 10:10 says, "For his letters, say they, are weighty and powerful; but his bodily presence is weak, and his speech contemptible." Paul was not good looking. He did not have good delivery. He was stumbling in his words. Inspired of God, he wrote mighty Scriptures, but his preaching was by human standards poor. Paul did not win all those thousands of souls because he was a brilliant and eloquent preacher.

If you want to know how Paul won souls, turn to the twentieth chapter of Acts where Paul reminds the elders of the church of Ephesus of his three years' ministry and said, "I am pure from the blood of all men." Paul said he kept back nothing "but have shewed you, and have taught you publicly, and from house to house" (vs. 20), and then said, "Therefore watch, and remember, that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears" (Acts 20:31). Oh, those burning words! "Remember, that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears." That will make a great preacher out of anybody. If you learn this night and day business, and weep as you go, you are going to win a lot of souls. Paul was a great soul winner because he worked at it so hard and because he cried so much. He said, "I say the truth in Christ, I lie not, my conscience also bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost, That I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart. For I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh" (Rom. 9:1-3). One time he was just bound to go to Jerusalem to see these friends of his. He said, "I must go back and preach to them." Somebody said to him, "You'll be put in jail; you'll be killed!" But he said, "I must go, and go he did! If Paul had any failure at all it was that he was so broken up over his people that he may have gone when God had warned him not to go.

Listen to me, God wants you to have a broken heart.

**The Power of the Holy Spirit Depends on a Broken Heart**

Did you notice that in this passage on soul winning there is a strange lack? God did not say anything about being specially endowed with power from on high in this verse! He mentions it in many other places; why is it left out here? It is not left out here! That is what He is talking about when He talks about a broken heart and about weeping. That is the work of the Spirit of God on a soul winner. And if you do not have a broken heart you are not filled with the Spirit of God. Jesus wept. You are so much nicer than Jesus, aren't you? Jesus looked out over Jerusalem and said, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" (Matt. 23:37). He wept over Jerusalem. We have so many preachers these days—nice profound preachers, dignified preachers, well-dressed preachers. God forgive us portly preachers who never have any tears, never have any heartache, do not spend

any time at night wetting our pillows with tears and have no burden for souls! If you ever get to where you care as you ought to care, souls are going to be saved. "Don't You Care If I Go To Hell?"

I remember that in Fort Worth, Texas, I was once in a tabernacle revival campaign in the Riverside addition. I had a thirty-minute daily radio broadcast. I had a booth out at the fat stock show. I had preached that day five times. I had worked for hours giving out tracts and talking to sinners. And I got home at 10:30 or 11:00 at night, worn to a frazzle. I said to my wife, "I never was so tired in my life. I am going to bed as quickly as I can." As I began to undress the telephone rang. It was an old school mate who had gone out into sin. He said, "John, I'm in trouble. Can you come down to the Blackstone Hotel and see me?"

I said, "I don't believe I can S—. I am worn out. I preached five times today. I have spent hours in personal work. I don't think I can come. You come out here."

He said, "I can't. I can't tell you all the story now, but I can't come."

I said, "Well, why not tomorrow?"

He said, "I don't think I had better wait until tomorrow." Finally he broke down over the telephone and said, "John, I'm about to go to Hell; don't you care whether I go to Hell or not?"

Well, I had no answer to that. I got my clothes on again, got in my car and went down to the Blackstone Hotel. There he told me the whole story. He had a six-shooter under his pillow and a pint of liquor by his bedside. Just that day his divorce had been made final. He had gone through all the inheritance left by his father. He had wasted the money. His wife had quit him. That very day when the divorce had been made final he said, "Let me kiss my baby boy [six years old] one more time." His family doctor spoke up and said, "Wait a minute; do not touch him! You will curse him if you kiss him with that disease you have! Don't touch him! The best thing you can do for that boy is to never let him see you again." So he left.

All his money was gone. His job was gone. His life was gone. He was forbidden to ever see his baby boy again. He bought a six-shooter, got a pint of liquor, went to a hotel room. He said, "I will drink this liquor and then blow my brains out. I'm done; I'm at the end." So he took a drink of liquor and lay there. Then he said, "So many more drinks and then I'll blow my brains out." The Spirit of God said, "What then? Then what?" He said, "Then I'll be in Hell." But he took another drink. Then he said, "So many more drinks and I'll blow my brains out." The Spirit of God said again, "Then where will you be?"

And he said, "I'll be in Hell; O God, I'll be in Hell!" So he called me and said, "John, I'm about to go to Hell. Doesn't anybody care whether I go to Hell?"

Oh, I could not resist that. I went down there and we got on our faces together. At midnight a fallen woman came by appointment to the door. I said, "You've caused him enough trouble; go on away."

"But," she said, "he is in trouble."

"You got him in trouble," I said. She said, "Well, but somebody ought to be with him."

I said, "I'm with him. And

you will do one of two things. You can take your choice: you can go home and never see this man again, or you can come in here, get down on your knees, repent and beg God to save your soul. Or I will call the house detective. Which will it be?"

She said, "Let me in. I sure need somebody to pray for me. God knows I need to pray."

My, what a prayer meeting we had that night at midnight—that poor harlot woman, that poor ruined man, and this old sinner saved by grace! I think all the angels in Heaven stopped their music and leaned down to listen while sobs and tears and confessions poured out, and God saved a couple of old sinners!

That man's question has rung in my ears so many times: "I'm about to go to Hell. Doesn't anybody care whether I go to Hell or not?" Do you really care?

Would you care if some friend

You had met day by day

Should never be told about

Jesus?

Are you willing that he

In the judgment should say,

"No one ever told me of

Jesus?"

You are going to face God one day! What will He say to you people who never wept over sinners?

Do you know what we need? We need broken hearts! David prayed in the fifty-first Psalm: "Thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt-offering. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

The thirty-fourth Psalm says: "The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit." O God give us broken hearts!

**A Personal Experience; How I Learned That Scholarship and Talent Do Not Make Good Preachers!**

When I started out to be a preacher I said, "All right, go to now; this is right down my

alley." I had been a college teacher. I had had three years of speech instruction. I had won a scholarship in oratory. I had been intercollegiate debater, and my colleague and I had won for Baylor University. I knew how to make a speech. I would get all my information together, get all the literature, get all the counsel, do all the studying, and then assimilate the material. I would think it through and analyze it. I would outline it. I would write my speech. I would memorize it. And then I would say it before a mirror until I could say it backward and forward. I said, "This preaching is right down my alley." I know that sounds like a poor stuffed-shirt nut. But when I got up to preach I did have this in my favor: I did want to win souls. God did not whip me into preaching. God just let me preach when I finally insisted so much. I got up to preach and I forgot all about my outline and stood there and cried and pleaded with sinners to come to God!

I went back home and said, "Now, Lord, I looked like a nut today. Nobody would think I was a college teacher and a trained speaker, I was so overcome with emotion. Won't you let me have more dignity and make a better impression?"

The next time I got up to preach my heart was as cold as ice and the gospel was dust and ashes in my mouth. I labored on through it and wished I would never have to preach again, and then went home and cried. I said, "O God, take away my dignity and give me back a broken heart! I cannot preach unless I mean business!" God gave me a broken

heart and, as He is my witness, I have preached now these years, a quarter of a century, with tears and a broken heart. Listen, preacher boy; listen, every Christian: if you want to win souls, ask God to break your heart! There is plenty to weep about. People are undone and going to Hell forever. We ought to care about it! You cannot win souls unless you care.

I have time to only mention my next point.

### III. God's Third Requirement: Use the Word of God!

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed . . ."

When you go sowing you want to take the seed along. What is the seed? The parable in the eighth chapter of Luke says that the seed is the Word of God. A Christian, then, must go, must have a broken heart and must carry the Bible. Use the Scripture—maybe not too much—but be sure to use the Word of God and depend on the Word of God. Oh, the dynamite that is in the Word of God!

Here is a man who is going to do some blasting, break up some

(Continued on Page 6)

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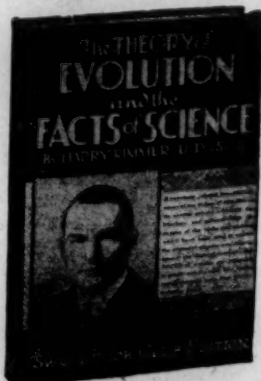
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## God-Robbers Under A Curse

(Continued from Page 1)

of God in Leviticus 27:30, "And all the tithe of the land, whether of the seed of the land, or of the fruit of the tree, is the Lord's: it is holy unto the Lord."

"All the tithe . . . is the Lord's." Here is the clear statement of the Word of God. So the man or woman who holds back the tithe of his income is really robbing God by taking and using as his own that which is clearly the Lord's.

And if you insist that the passage quoted is from the law of Moses, then I remind you that Abraham, long before the Mosiac Law, gave tithes to Melchizedek. And the seventh chapter of Hebrews reminds us that Abraham paid a tenth of all to Melchizedek and tells us that Melchizedek was a type of Christ. And Romans, chapter 4, tells us that Abraham was justified by faith exactly as we are and that Abraham is our pattern in this matter of salvation by grace through faith! So if we are saved like Abraham, and if Abraham is our pattern, then we should bring our tithes to Christ as Abraham brought his to Melchizedek, the type of Christ.

Certainly no one is saved by bringing tithes. Nor was anybody in the Old Testament saved by bringing tithes! But many a Christian is cursed with a curse because he robs God, even as those to whom God spoke in Malachi 3:8-10.

You do not believe that Christians now ought to bring tithes and offerings? You do not believe that God specially blesses people now according to the way they give, and withholds His blessing according to the way they fail to give? Then listen to the words of Jesus in Luke 6:38:

"Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again."

Is not that promise as definite as the promise in Malachi 3:10? According as we give it will be given to us. And the abundant blessing, "good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over" is promised to those who give in Christ's name.

Another such promise in the New Testament is in II Corinthians 9:6. Paul by divine inspiration says:

"But this I say, He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully."

It is true that every man, the next verse says, is to give as he purposeth in his heart, but we are reminded that "God loveth a cheerful giver."

Here again we have the clear, explicit statement that one who sows sparingly (by giving sparingly) shall reap also sparingly, and that the one who gives bountifully shall reap bountifully also! This is as clear as the promise in Malachi 3:10. A Christian can here prove God.

All of us who believe the Bible will have to accept it on the authority of God's Word that our prosperity, our material welfare, the supplying of our needs will somewhat depend on the way we treat God in our giving! According as we give it will be given to us. As we sow, so shall we reap. If we are dishonest and crooked with God, thieves, taking what does not belong to us, we are under a curse and will not be prospered! So teaches the Bible in both the Old and the New Testaments.

What ground has anyone for believing that God who puts a curse on stinginess, on covetousness, on dishonesty in the Old Testament, feels any differently about it in the New Testament? Why should God expect more of a Jew under law than of a New Testament Christian in this day of grace? Would it not be strange if God who commanded this token of obedience and love and faith in the Old Testament, would not want a like token of obedience

and love and faith in the New Testament?

You see, tithes and offerings are a matter of fundamental morality. Whether Old or New Testament times are considered, people belong to God. Everything we have comes from God, fundamentally belongs to God. Our gifts or tithes are only the open acknowledgment that we are God's creation, that everything we have comes from His merciful and providential hand, and that we owe Him complete allegiance and absolute obedience. As the owner should receive rental on a rented farm, as the lender should receive interest on borrowed money, so God should receive some regular token that what we have comes from God and we are completely indebted to Him for our blessings.

Dr. J. B. Gambrell, noted Texas editor, used to say, "The man who owns the sheep owns the wool also." Since God owns us, His sheep, then certainly He owns the wool. The God who claimed the wool of His Old Testament sheep, also claims the wool of His New Testament sheep.

### The Tithe Belongs to No One Else But God

Leviticus 27:30 clearly says that "all the tithe . . . is the Lord's." It is clear, then, that when a man gets a pay check of \$100, ten dollars is not his at all. It already belongs to God. There is a sense in which the other \$90 belongs to God also, and should be used only as will please God. But about the tithe, the ten dollars, the one-tenth, God plainly says, "That is not yours! It is Mine! If you use it for your own purposes, you are dishonest, a robber. And for that you will be under a curse." The tithe does not belong to the man who got it in a pay check. It belongs to God. One dime of every dollar of clear income you receive belongs to God. You will be as crooked to use that money for yourself as to take another man's money and use it as your own. The tithe is not yours!

But we must say also, the tithe does not belong to the church. Some people teach what they call "storehouse tithing." They say that it is not Scriptural tithing unless one puts his entire tithes into the treasury of the local church to which he belongs. But there is no such teaching in the Bible. The tithe does not belong to the church. It belongs to God! The tithe does not belong to the denomination. It belongs to God. The tithe does not belong to the pastor, nor to the local church officials. It belongs to God!

It is true that Jews were commanded to bring their tithes into the storehouse at Jerusalem. God had only one set of priests and Levites to support, only one temple. But the New Testament never teaches that the local church treasury is like the storehouse of the Levites at Jerusalem. The gospels tell us that certain women ministered to Jesus of their substance. They brought in their gifts directly, not through a church treasury. Mary brought the expensive gift, an alabaster box of ointment, and poured it on the head of Jesus despite the protests of Judas, the treasurer of the little group. But the gift did not belong to Judas; it belonged to Christ! No gift of a Christian belongs to the church treasurer. It belongs to God.

In I Corinthians 16:2 Paul, by divine inspiration, commanded Christians, "Let every one of you lay by him in store, as God has prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come!" That is, each one was to put in a vase on the mantle or in a sock under a mattress, or in a bank account, a proportionate part of his income for the Lord's use. It was not deposited in the church treasury, but laid by, to be turned over to Paul, directly when he came.

I think Christians should support their local churches. I think where possible they should belong to sound evangelical churches and sound denominations where they can afford to put much of God's money which comes into their hands. But the tithe does not be-

long even to the sound and orthodox church; it belongs to God! And for a Christian to give any of God's money at all to a church which is modernistic, or to support a pastor who does not believe in the great fundamentals of the faith, or to support a denominational program which is run by modernist infidels is an unspeakable sin. No modernist in the world has any right to receive any of God's sacred money. No denominational headquarters, no college or seminary or mission board should ever receive a penny of God's money until they prove themselves true to God and the Bible. Let no man deceive you; the tithe does not belong to the church nor to the denomination. It belongs to God!

God has other work besides that involved within some regular denominations. God wants some of His money to go to the care of the helpless and poor and sick and wants it to be administered with the personal touch and the loving attention of the individual Christian who has God's money. God wants some of His money to support the broadcast of Dr. Charles E. Fuller, and other sound broadcasts, to support the great independent, fundamentally sound foreign mission programs, the Bible institutes and thoroughly Christian colleges which look to God and His people, not to denominational headquarters, for their support. I say, the tithe belongs to the Lord, not to the church, not to the denomination. And every one into whose hands God puts His increase must be directly accountable to God for the way he uses God's money. That requires not just an automatic and formal handing in of a certain amount of money to the church, but earnest prayer and the leading of the Holy Spirit as to where God wants His money to go. If withholding God's money is robbery, then careless disposal of it is likewise a sin. All the tithe belongs to the Lord. It must be used as He alone directs.

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A hundred dollars in subscriptions for THE SWORD OF THE LORD will win more souls than the same one hundred dollars invested in foreign missions. It will win more souls than the same one hundred dollars invested in Christian education, in Christian radio broadcasts, as far as we can know the results from all available records. A hundred dollars invested in THE SWORD OF THE LORD will lead to the salvation of more souls than when invested in any local church with which we are acquainted. These other works are God's work, and should be supported. Then certainly God wants part of His money used to support THE SWORD OF THE LORD, to send subscriptions far and near.

Does God want revivals? Does God want His people to become burdened for sinners, to learn to live separated and holy lives? Does God want broken homes restored, backslidden Christians to be renewed in the joy and assurance of

## How To Win Souls

(Continued from Page 5)

stones with dynamite. Do you think that for the best blasting a man ought to have blue eyes or brown eyes? Do you think that for the best blasting a man ought to be six feet tall or five feet, eight? Do you think he ought to weigh 140 pounds, or do you think it would be better if he weighed 240 pounds? It does not matter a particle, if he has the dynamite! The dynamite—that is the point! Even education is not of as much importance as some people think. I am for education—I have been exposed to a little of it. Not much of it took with me, but I am for education. There are too many preachers, though, who have an education but who do not use the dynamite of God. If you want to get people saved, use the Word on them. Take out the Sword and hew, brother! The Word of God! Use it, with a broken heart; and God will bring fruit.

I remember in Shamrock, Texas, there was a dear girl whom we wanted to see saved. We had prayer in the home for her and another girl went down to see her. After we had prayed I said to my wife, "I have the answer; God is going to save that girl. I want to go down there and see it." I followed to her brother's home, went around to the back of the house, and in the kitchen door she stood. Miss Irene Bryan was showing her from the Bible, John 5:24: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life." She was saying, "When you hear the Word and put your trust in Christ Jesus you have everlasting life. You will not come into condemnation. You can trust Him and He will save you." And the girl was saved. She said, "I did not know that was in the Bible. Is it that easy? I did not know the Lord was ready, and the minute you trusted Him He would save you." She was saved so quickly, so easily!

I was in Washington, D. C., in the Non-Sectarian Tabernacle one Sunday and preached in the morning service. After the service a woman sent a friend to ask if she might talk to me. I said, "Why, surely." We sat down together and she said, "I need to apologize to you and everybody here."

I said, "Why should you do that?" "I have never been to a service like this," she said. "I did not think God would be here. But I want you to forgive me."

I said, "Never mind, no offense is taken."

She said, "There was another question. What do you mean about this being born again? How can I get born again? I have never heard about that. I have heard about saying prayers and about confessions and doing penance, but I never heard about being born again."

I said, "Well, I believe one Scripture will settle that better than anything I could say. Let's turn over here to I Timothy 2:5. Look at it now." She looked at it and read, "For there is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus who gave himself a ransom for all . . ."

"Now," I said, "you look at this Scripture and answer my questions, please, and you will see what God means. First, How many Gods are there?"

She answered, "There is one God."

"How many mediators between God and men are there?" I asked.

She answered, "One mediator between God and man."

"Is it a preacher?" I asked.

"No."

"Not preacher, not priest, not Mary, not saints. Who is it?"

She said, "The man Christ Jesus!"

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She saw it in the Scripture. Soon she was weeping. She said, "I never would have believed that if you had not shown it to me in the Bible." Use the Word! Use the Word!

I was in Waxahachie, Texas, in a revival campaign and a man by the name of Henry Hemphkins who ran a junk yard got on fire for souls. I got a bunch of Gospels of John—thousands of them. In the back we pasted a little decision form. We used them in the high schools and I would have the students mark the verses—John 1:12; John 3:16; John 3:18; John 3:36; John 5:24; John 6:37. We went through and underlined the verses so the students would know that when they put their trust in Jesus Christ He would save them. Henry Hemphkins heard me do that once, and he said, "Say, Brother Rice, I believe I could do that. Will you give me some of those little books?" I gave him some of the Gospels of John. He came back the next day with three of them signed. The next day he brought five, I believe. I got concerned. I wondered if he were doing it right. I went down to his junk yard and found that he had turned his business over to his wife. To everybody who came to buy anything he would say, "We'll see about that, but first let me talk to you about your soul. I have just learned how easy it is to get saved. Let me show you how in this little booklet." He would show the person the marked verses in the Gospel of John and say, "Don't you see you are a sinner?"

"Yes."

"Jesus died for you."

"Yes."

"If you will trust Him He will save you. Do you believe that?"

"Yes."

"Well, let's ask Him to do it right now."

"All right."

So they would have prayer and he would say, "Now will you trust Him?"

"Yes." Then he would have them sign the decision slip. He had men weeping and getting saved, and he won more than fifty souls in a few weeks' time. You hear me! People who mean business can go and weep and use the Word of God and come back with joy.

And now if there is one here who is not a Christian, why don't you trust Jesus? Oh, Heaven would be glad; and I would be so glad, too! Oh, may God teach us to go God's way—with the go and the tears and with the Word of God—and come back with rejoicing!

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## God-Robbers Under A Curse

(Continued from Page 6)

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## Endued, Empowered, Enfilled

(Continued from page 1)

the Comforter Divine. Journey after journey was made; hour after hour was spent in conversation on the darling theme; when she, wearied with a constant repetition, said: "If you want to know any more you must go to Stephen Merritt of New York; he told me all I know of the Holy Ghost." "I am going—Where is he?" She laughingly answered: "In New York." She missed him; he had started. Weary miles he traversed before reaching the ocean.

As he arrived on the shore a sailing vessel dropped anchor in the offing, and a small boat put ashore; Samuel stepped up and asked the captain to take him to New York. He was refused with curses and a kick, but he answered, "Oh, yes you will." He slept on the sand that night, and was again refused; the next morning, nothing daunted, he made the request again the third time, and was asked by the captain, "What can you do?" and he answered, "Anything." Thinking he was an able-bodied seaman, and as two men had deserted, and he was short-handed, he asked, "What do you want?" meaning pay. Samuel said: "I want to see Stephen Merritt." He said to the man in the boat, "Take this boy aboard."

"I will teach thee—the way."—Psa. 32:8

He reached the ship, but knew nothing of a vessel or of the sea. The anchor was raised and he was off. His ignorance brought much trouble; cuffs, curses and kicks were his in abundance; but his peace was as a river, his confidence unbounded and his assurance sweet. He went into the cabin to clean up—and the captain was convicted and converted; the fire ran through the ship and half or more of the crew were saved. The ship became a Bethel, the songs and shouts of praise resounded, and nothing was too good for the uncouth and ungainly Kru boy.

They landed in New York and after the farewells were said, Samuel, with a bag of clothing furnished by the crew (for he went aboard with only a jumper and overalls, with no shoes), stepped on the dock, and stepping up to the first man he met, said: "Where is Stephen Merritt?" It was three or four miles away from my place, in a part of the city where I would be utterly unknown, but the Holy Spirit arranged that; one of the Travelers' Club was the man accosted, and he said: "I know him; he lives on Eighth Avenue, on the other side of town. I'll take you to him for a dollar." "All right," said Samuel, though he had not one cent.

They reached the store just as I was leaving for prayer-meeting, and the tramp said: "There he is!" Samuel stepped up and said: "Stephen Merritt?" "Yes!" "I am Samuel Morris; I've just come from Africa to talk to you about the Holy Ghost." "Have you any letters of introduction?" "No—had no time to wait." "Well, all right; I am going to Jane Street prayer-meeting. Will you go into the mission next door? On my return I will see you about your entertainment." "All right." "Say, young fellow," said the tramp, "where is my dollar?" "Oh, Stephen Merritt pays all my bills now," said Samuel. "Oh, certainly," said I, as I passed the dollar over.

I went to the prayer-meeting—he to the mission. I forgot him until as I put my key in the door, about 10:30, when Samuel Morris flashed upon my remembrance. I hastened over, found him on the platform with seventeen men on their faces around him; he had just pointed them to Jesus, and they were rejoicing in His pardoning favor. The Holy Ghost in this figure of ebony, with all its sur-

roundings, was indeed a picture.

### Manifest Power of the Holy Spirit

Think, an uncultured, uncouth, uncultivated, but endowed, imbued and infilled African, under the power of the Holy Spirit, the first night in America winning souls for Emmanuel—nearly a score. No trouble now to take care of him. He was one of God's anointed ones. This was Friday. Saturday he stayed around. Sunday, I said, "Samuel, I would like you to accompany me to Sunday school. I am the Superintendent, and may ask you to speak." He answered, "I never was in Sunday school, but all right." I smilingly introduced him as one Samuel Morris, who had come from Africa to talk to their Superintendent about the Holy Spirit.

I know not what he said. The school laughed, and as he commenced, my attention was called, and I turned aside for a few moments, when I looked, and lo, the altar was full of our young people, weeping and sobbing. I never could find out what he said, but the presence and manifested power of the Holy Spirit was so sensible that the entire place was filled with His glory.

The days that followed were wonderful days.

I took him in a coach, with a prancing team of horses, as I was going to Harlem to officiate at a funeral. I said, "Samuel, I would like to show you something of our city and Central Park." He had never been behind horses nor in a coach, and the effect was laughable to me. I said, "Samuel, this is the Grand Opera House," and began to explain, when he said, "Stephen Merritt, do you ever pray in a coach?" I answered, "Oh, yes, I very frequently have very blessed times while riding about." He placed his great black hand on mine, and turning me around on my knees, said, "we will pray," and for the first time I knelt in a coach to pray.

He told the Holy Spirit he had come from Africa to talk to me about Him, and I talked about everything else, and wanted to show him the church, and the city, and the people, when he was so desirous of hearing and knowing about Him; and he asked Him if He would not take out of my heart things, and so fill me with Himself that I would never speak or write or preach or talk only of Him. There were three of us in that coach that day. Never have I known such a day—we were filled with the Holy Ghost; and He made him the channel by which I became instructed and then endued as never before.

Bishops have placed their hands on my head, once and again, and joined with elders of the church in ordaining services but no power came in comparison. James Caughey placed his holy hands on my head and on the head of dear Thomas Harrison as he prayed that the mantle of Elijah might fall upon the Elishas—and the fire fell and the power came, but the abiding of the Comforter was received in the coach with Samuel Morris—for since then I have not written a line, or spoken, a word or preached a sermon only for or in the Holy Ghost.

From a Tract, "Sammy Morris," Obtained from Free Tract Society, 746 Crocker St., Los Angeles 21, Calif., U. S. A.

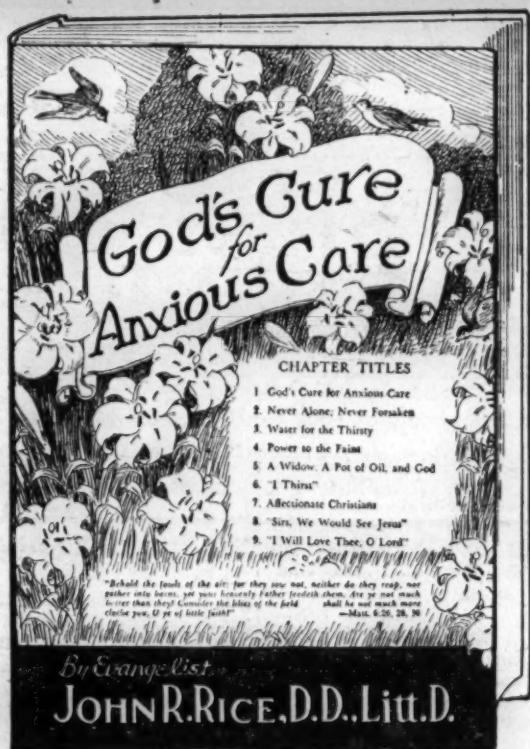
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## A Family With A Member In Hell

(Continued from Page 3)

Jesus [maybe he did; I do not know] he is in Heaven." Oh, a loved one in Hell! A loved one to die without God and without hope! To follow that one to the cemetery, knowing, according to the Word of God, that he is lost!

Now, let me tell you something: tonight you have a loved one. You had better get him saved. Somebody here tonight has a loved one unsaved. You had better bring him to this meeting. You had better get him in these services. You had better get him to Jesus Christ. You had better do it before it is too late! Now is the time! "Now is the day of salvation."

Years ago I was in a meeting in Knoxville, Tennessee, in George R. Stuart's church. One day Dr. Stuart and I were out driving. We passed a home and Dr. Stuart said, "Bob, the finest official member of my church lives in that home. He is the loveliest man I think I ever knew. And he has the sweetest wife. They did not have any children and they kept praying for God to send a baby to their home. One day they said, 'Well, we are going down to the orphans' home and get us a baby. We are going to adopt a baby; we've just got to have a baby.'"

"One day God sent them a little baby all their own. He was the sweetest baby boy you ever saw. He grew up to be about four or five years old. He was such an attractive, magnetic little fellow. His father would bring him to town and if he introduced him to somebody he would shake hands and say, 'I'm happy to meet you.'"

"The father would come home at night, stop the car at the garage door, blow his horn; the little boy would run out, open the door, get in the car and ride on in with his father. Then he would climb up into his father's arms and his father would bring him into the house."

"A few nights ago the father drove in, stopped outside, blew the horn and nobody answered. He blew it again and nobody answered. Then the father got out, opened the garage door, got back in the car and started to drive into the garage. Just as he did so the little boy jumped out and said, 'Boo, Daddy!' The automobile ran over him. The father pulled him out from between the wheels and took him up into his arms. The little fellow tried to smile. He kissed his daddy in the mouth and laid his head on his father's shoulder. The father took him in the house and put him on the bed and he was dead."

"I never saw a funeral like it in my life. That man—the great big, wonderful man that he was—got down on his knees, put his arms around that little casket, lifted it clear up and said, 'Daddy didn't mean to do it. You know Daddy wouldn't have done that to you. Daddy loves you. You know Daddy wouldn't have done his baby boy like that.'"

Dr. Stuart sat there as he told me the story and just cried. And I cried, too. Then he said to me, "Bob, isn't that the saddest thing you ever heard?"

I said, "Doctor, there are worse things in Knoxville than that."

He said, "What do you mean?"

I said, "In the city of Knoxville there are mothers and fathers in to whose arms God has put helpless babies. God said, 'Bring them up for Me.' And they have been careless and sinful. They have let those children go out into eternity lost. Listen! It is not as bad to run an automobile over a little boy as it is for a parent to run the car of evil influence over a child and send his soul to Hell."

Somebody in Hell! A member of the family damned because you did not do anything about it, because you did not care. Now listen to me, you Christians, we are so careless, so neglectful! We neglect the important things, the big things and wreck our children's lives and the lives of our loved ones, the lives of our broth-

ers and sisters and neighbors and friends.

### A Family With Five Others on the Way to Hell!

Notice the next step: a rich family, a big family, a family with a member in Hell, and a family with five others on their way to Hell. Now, I did not say that. The rich man in Hell said, "I pray thee therefore, father, that thou wouldest send him to my father's house: For I have five brethren; that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment" (Luke 16:27, 28). He was saying, 'Abraham, send Lazarus back and ask my brothers not to come here. I have five brothers on their way here and I do not want them to come.'

I suppose it is awfully human, but I have always thought that having the whole family in Heaven would make Heaven sweeter. Maybe I should not say that, but I have always felt that way. I remember when I was a boy in the country—my father was a Methodist and my mother was a Baptist—we used to entertain the Baptist conventions and the Methodist conferences. Oh, the company we had in those days! We did not think anything about having company when I was a boy. I slept in the cotton house nearly every Saturday night until I was almost grown.

And I remember on Sunday

when we used to have company, we would fill that great big table, then fill it again, and still again. Late in the afternoon the company would begin to leave and then my sisters' beaux would begin to come, some of them on horseback and some of them in buggies. They would drive up to that country home.

And here is the strange thing about it: about that time my father would get down an old hickory stick he brought home from the battlefield of Chickamauga where he was wounded. My father and mother seemed to understand each other; they did not have to talk. He would just get that old stick and my mother understood that he was going over to the cemetery. I had two sisters buried there. My father would lead the way. My mother would follow. And my little brother younger than myself and I used to go with them, down a little path through the field, and over a foot log across the stream—not around the road, that was too far. We would stop on our way and get water out of the stream and gather magnolias and wild honeysuckles (that is my favorite flower). Then we would go on to the graves. My father and mother would stand by the graves. Then my mother would fix the flowers while my father leaned on his stick. My father did not say anything. Mother always cried. She would water those flowers with her tears. After they got through—you know it seems

strange as I think about it now: my father did not say, 'Well, we'd better go.' They just seemed to understand each other. He led the way and she went along, then my brother went next, and I came last.

Then one day my mother died. My father, my little brother and I used to go and put flowers on her grave. Then my father always cried.

Then one day my father died. Then my brother died. They are all gone but me. Two weeks ago I buried my last sister. I am the only one of twelve children that is left. I get a little lonely sometimes. I did not really know how lonely it would be to be the only one of the family left. If the Lord tarries I will be going myself sometime. But I have it all worked out: when I get to Heaven I am going to ask Jesus for a special favor. I am going to ask Him to let me and my folks get off to ourselves once in a while. I do not want any company. I do not want any visitors. I just want my family: my mother and father and my sisters and brothers. I want us to sit down and just talk things over, and I do not want to miss any of them. It would not seem exactly right if everybody was not there. Did you ever have a family reunion when they were not all there? It did not seem right, did it?

You know, I think Heaven is going to be more real than we ever dreamed it would be. Heaven seems to be more real to my friends who have grown old and who have been Christians for

years. It is more real to me than it used to be.

### A Family Which Had Every Needed Chance to Be Saved

A big family, a rich family, one of them dead, one of them in Hell, five others on the way. And now one last word. It was a family that had every chance it needed to be saved. That man did not have to go to Hell. His five brothers did not have to go. They had Moses and the prophets. They had a testimony. They could have been saved. But listen! You are this side of Calvary. You are this side of the open tomb. You have a chance greater than they had. You have the gospel. You are in the Holy Ghost dispensation. You are in the church age. You are in the gathering-out period, when God is getting a bride for His Son. You have a chance. If you never had one before tonight, you have this one tonight. If you never hear the gospel again, you are hearing it now. If you never have another call, you have a call tonight. Why don't you settle it tonight? Do not go out of this house without settling it; please do not. Let me beg you to settle it. I want to do you a favor. I want you to be saved. It is wonderful to be saved! You feel so safe when you are saved. You can go to bed at night and rest in peace. Won't you come to God tonight? Won't you trust Jesus? Don't lose this chance. Now is your chance. Your last chance will come some day; this may be it. Don't let it pass! Trust Him tonight!

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